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TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Station of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 253. Land, 600 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, etc. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. Number of members, 47. Land, 280 acres. Business, Publishing, Job Printing, Manufactures, and Horticulture.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does not mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Wallingford Community, though it has not attained the normal size, has as many members as it can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as it grows in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they can not all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

A SONG OF CIVILIZATION.

TUNE.—"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

Where the grand, gloomy forest spreads lonely and drear,
Over mountain, and valley and plain,
And for naught but the Indian to chase the wild deer,
All the land seems created in vain.

As o'er the first night
Broke heaven's first light,
Driving chaos and darkness away;
So is savagery driven in ignoble flight,
Before Civilization's bright ray.

Hark! the woodland resounds to the crash of the oak
'Neath the strokes of the bold pioneers,
And from thousands of hearthstones the upcurling smoke
Tells of homes that their industry rears.
The apple-blossoms gay,
The sweet-scented hay,
And the rich golden harvests appear,
And a great teeming nation with joy hails the day
Of thanksgiving that crowns the glad year.

See like gems in their splendor of spires and of domes,
Where the continent's kissed by the sea,
Rise the maritime cities, the opulent homes
Of a commerce, wide-spreading and free.

The wave-plowing keels,
The cars' roaring wheels,
Rushing onward obey her commands,
And the Storm-king who speaks in the deep thunder-peals,
Does her errands 'neath seas to all lands.

Yet must Civilization win one triumph more
Ere her glorious labors shall cease,
She must teach all her children their treasures to pour
At the feet of the great Prince of Peace.

Death, sorrow and pain,
No longer shall reign,
And the glad hosts of Zion shall raise,
From the continent's breadth, like the roar of the main,
Joyful anthems of unceasing praise. H. J. S.

SPIRITUAL DIGESTION.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

EVERY THING we do is of the nature of a spiritual ordinance; that is, it becomes the condition of spiritual effects, either good or bad. The Lord's Supper in the Primitive Church, if eaten in a special manner, that is, "discerning the Lord's body," was an ordinance of life; but otherwise it was an ordinance of death. "For this cause," said Paul, (that is, because the communicants ate and drank unworthily), "many are weak and sickly among you and many sleep;" thus the holy supper, taken without spiritual digestion, became an ordinance of Satan, communicating disease instead of health. What is here set forth in respect to a special transaction, is substantially true of all outward things. There is a way to use this world as not abusing it—to use it as God's ordinance. There is a way to use every form of external enjoyment as a method of worship and interchange between us and the divine. On the other hand, there is a way to use the world and its pleasures as a medium of interchange between us and the diabolical. So, while we insist on keeping our freedom to use all things as a constitutional right never to be given up, at the same time we can pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and be vigilant in finding out where temptation comes in; and when the use of things good in themselves is becoming an

ordinance of the devil, it is part of our liberty to abstain. The wisdom of Christ will manifest itself in our experience by teaching us to proportion our use of this world to our spiritual strength. "One believeth that he may eat all things; another who is weak eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth, despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth."

The right use of the things of this world depends on our digestive power. We do not give to an infant strong meat that we can digest with perfect safety ourselves. Its food must be proportioned to its digestive power. There is a digestive power that can spiritualize and sanctify every thing. "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving; for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." The best part of our wisdom consists in the discernment of what we can bear. When we pray, "Lead us not into temptation," we pray to know how to proportion our use of this world to our digestive power—to be kept from using any more of this world than we can thoroughly assimilate.

We can not regulate ourselves by reference to others; for one can digest more than another. Neither can we make any general rule for specific conduct. We must have instinctive discernment for ourselves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Closter, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1875.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Please continue your weekly visits. I am much interested in the principles and sentiments you advocate, and look upon your "experiment" as the most important event since the creation! This may sound even to you, like extravagant language; but I have had a good deal of intercourse with mankind and know something of the longings of the human heart, and feel confident that the beginning of your experiment will be considered in the future as the most important landmark in history. Through the machinations of the church, working mostly for its own aggrandizement, the Christian religion has so far been, in a great measure, a failure. It stands to-day where it has stood for the past fifteen centuries at least, in the way of truth, science and the best interests of the human race. And though I admit it has done a great amount of good, I can not but believe that it has done at the same time, almost an equal amount of harm, through selfishness, and the love of power—traits that appear to be inherent in man—and which whether the desire be for leadership of Church or of State, guide all his actions.

Of the various objects you have in view, the one that stands out more boldly, if possible, than any other, is the determination to hold selfishness in absolute check. Another object is to search diligently after truth, and to proclaim it fearlessly when found. These objects if carried out, must result in benefits to the human race. I can not help contemplating the Being who created and

sustains the universe, to whom we are indebted for our existence, and for the many blessings we enjoy, as a God far superior to the one held up for our adoration by the church. As the Jewish Church was the chief obstacle that Christianity had to contend with in its infancy, so the so-called "Christian Church" is now the chief obstacle in the way of human progress. But God is with you in your work, and you must certainly win in all your battles against evil in every form.

Cordially yours, C. F. A.

Calistoga, Cal., Dec. 17, 1875.

EDITOR CIRCULAR:—We have had the CIRCULAR nearly gratuitously the past year, and now feel it to be but right and courteous to tender your people our hearty thanks for the pleasure, and we hope benefit, had through your paper. We would gladly know more of your principles and the spirit that makes you all one large, loving family. "Studies in Communism" are what we want as *individuals*, and are all well pleased with them. We well understand how all the difficulties referred to would arise, and had thought out a—we may say—the means of overcoming them, save, perhaps that of leadership.

We can understand too, why the spiritual element in man should be the leading one. But that an hundred, or five hundred for that matter, should unquestionably yield obedience to one leader, is the puzzle with us; not so much on account of material prosperity, but on account of spiritual good. Your leader, if wrong in business, is corrected by loss or failure, and each adult member sees the mistake and is then able to apply the corrective. But it is not quite so easy to discern why spiritual things should make a leader all the more necessary. Yet if he fail in any particular, all fail with him by giving an unquestioned support to him. Then it seems to us, that if the leader were taken by death, the loss would be great indeed. And too, it appears so much like king-craft and more like popery, with this exception: that with you all fare alike in temporal matters, while with the two former they do not. But as all are not born to lead, so too, all are not born to be unhappy if led. Nor can we see any objection to the "Union of Church and State" as you have it, when all are of one faith and all enjoy alike.

Would like the CIRCULAR continued. With hope that you may prosper in good works,

We are truly, J. C., and M. J. W.

Mt. Carmel, Md., Dec. 24, 1875.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I can truly say that I appreciate the CIRCULAR very highly, though I suppose the Community idea is, that no one can *fully* appreciate it who does not indorse all the fundamental doctrines of the Community. This, I confess, I can not do; as I am strongly of the opinion that the Community is anticipating things that the Scriptures teach are to take place in a future age and under other conditions. And here I would like to ask whether Mr. Noyes has ever written any thing on the prophecies concerning the future; giving his understanding of the times and seasons, or the order in which the events of the future which are to precede or usher in that promised and much-to-be-desired age, are to take place when there shall be "one Lord, and His name One"? when there shall be no more sickness, sorrow nor death; when tears shall be wiped from off all faces, and God shall be all in all? I occasionally see something in your paper—some sentence or casual remark—which leads me to think that he may have written a work on this especial subject; or that the Community has definite doctrines concerning it.

I have been well pleased with most of the contents of the CIRCULAR during the past year, and especially with parts of Mr. Noyes's late

Home-Talks. I think myself all the better for having read them. My wife also likes the CIRCULAR, and I believe in many things tries to follow both the precept and example of the Community women. She has even tried putting the bosoms in the back of my shirts! But I think she found that that wouldn't work. The same treatment don't have the same effect on all men. Instead of going round among my friends exhibiting the nature of my affliction and seeking their sympathy, there may have been audible evidence that the "rip-and-tear" mode of settling difficulties, was being resorted to when that shirt went on. For a woman to try to make a man look west when he wants to look east doesn't appear to me to be exactly the right thing. Still, that's over now; and I have concluded that a reversed shirt is not the greatest affliction that I have had to wear in my life. If it could only be made the means of setting right every thing else in my life that is turned around just the way I do not want it, I could wear it with a pretty good grace.

I am sometimes tempted (though I know it would prove a failure), to write a book of my life. Sometimes with an idea of the good it would do to give others the benefit of my experience; sometimes in a spirit of rebellion to make known my grievances, real and imaginary, to the world and justify myself in the sight of others. In whatever else such a book as I imagine mine ought to be, might be a failure, there is one thing in which it would prove a success—it would sell; for it would be just what everybody likes to know but nobody wants to tell. But there are other moods in which I consider my experience as my teacher, and the lessons of my life intended for my education and improvement, and as a criticism which should be received in meekness without making any reply. So I wait to see what the end shall be.

Yours respectfully, W. B. B.

Buffalo, Minn., Dec. 27, 1875.

EDITOR CIRCULAR:—As it is near the end of the year I write to ask you to continue the CIRCULAR to my address, desiring that you may change the name of the post-office from Monticello to Buffalo, if it is no trouble. It is very likely that here will be a post-office before long, as in the end of Oct., a man came from Chicago with some type and we expect a press immediately. He has published a paper in Chicago in the Danish or Norwegian languages, and will continue its publication here in an improved way, I hope. It is also intended to publish a paper in English (The *Evangel* or the *Agathocrat*, probably); and that will be sent to you. The publisher (who is not the editor), was born in Denmark; a Lutheran, and Baptist there; and Adventist and free-thinker in Chicago; became this year a "Farist"; came here to practice with wife and two children, 2 1-2 years and 8 months old. The children have made it more horrible here than I expected; but both parents are sorry they had any children and won't do so again. Many others desire to come, but it is probably best to have them more perfect before others are received.

If your Community could give people some good advice in regard to children, to keep them from crying and annoying, and lessen the work and trouble for the mother, it would be a great benefit. It is a terrible wrong to induce people to have children, in isolated families at least.

F. H. W.

THE FAMILY READING AT W. C.

BELOW is a chapter from the book which the family at W. C., lately read in their public evening reading. The name of the story, which seems to be one of much unostentatious power, is, "A Princess of Thule." Its author is an English-

man by the name of William Black. The story begins with the summer jaunt of two young men of London to the northern Hebrides, the very "Ultima Thule" of Virgil. Ingram, the older of the two friends, is the plain, dynamic, sterling kind of man who seems to have fallen naturally and properly into the place of counsellor and restrainer to Lavender, the younger man, who is of the brilliant, impulsive, and generous order. Their visit is to the principal family of Borva—a small fishing settlement in the extreme northern Hebrides—with whom Ingram has long been on terms of familiar, but reverential friendship. The head of this family, whose name is Mackenzie, is known as "The King of Borva." He is an old Highland chief, a rugged fisher and hunter of much simplicity and some natural grandeur, who exercises a kind of patriarchal authority over the humble fishermen of the North. His daughter Sheila, a girl of exceeding beauty, sincerity and robust strength, is the princess of the story. After a short wooing, Lavender gains her affections and, by the aid and influence of Ingram, secures her father's consent to their marriage. After their marriage and return to London, the trials of the pure-hearted and simple Sheila in endeavoring, for the sake of her husband, to adjust herself to London fashionable life, is depicted in an interesting way. In the following chapter she is introduced for the first time to an eccentric old aunt of her husband's, who is supporting him in idleness and whose property he expects to inherit. The humorous and not exaggerated points of her character, in weighing her food and her ghoul-like propensity for dwelling on death and its concomitants are very amusing. The suffocating effect of this last habit on Sheila is finely drawn: [G. N. M.]

THE FIRST PLUNGE.

Frank Lavender was a good deal more concerned than he chose to show about the effect that Sheila was likely to produce on his aunt; and when at length the day arrived on which the young folks were to go down to Kensington Gore he had inwardly to confess that Sheila seemed a great deal less perturbed than himself. Her perfect calmness and self-possession surprised him. The manner in which she had dressed herself, with certain modifications which he could not help approving, according to the fashion of the time, seemed to him a miracle of dexterity; and how had she acquired the art of looking at ease in this attire, which was much more cumbersome than that she had usually worn in Borva?

If Lavender had but known the truth, he would have begun to believe something of what Ingram had vaguely hinted. This poor girl was looking toward her visit to Kensington Gore as the most painful trial of her life. While she was outwardly calm and firm, and even cheerful, her heart sank within her as she thought of the dreaded interview. Those garments which she wore with such an appearance of ease and comfort had been the result of many an hour of anxiety, for how was she to tell, from her husband's raillery, what colors the terrible old lady in Kensington would probably like? He did not know that every word he said in joke about his aunt's temper, her peevish ways, the awful consequences of offending her, and so forth, were like so many needles stuck into the girl's heart, until she was ready to cry out to be released from this fearful ordeal. Moreover, as the day came near, what he could not see in her she saw in him. Was she likely to be reassured when she perceived that her husband, in spite of all his fun, was really anxious, and when she knew that some blunder on her part might ruin him? In fact, if he had suspected for a moment that she was really trembling to think of what might happen, he might have made some effort to give her courage. But apparently Sheila was as cool and collected as if she had been going to see John the Piper. He believed she could have gone to be presented to the queen without a single tremor of the heart.

Still, he was a man, and therefore bound to assume an air of patronage. "She won't eat you, really," he said to Sheila as they were driving in a hansom

down Kensington Palace Gardens. "All you have got to do is to believe in her theories of food. She won't make you a martyr to them. She measures every half ounce of what she eats, but she won't starve you; and I am glad to think, Sheila, that you have brought a remarkably good and sensible appetite with you from the Lewis. Oh, by the way, take care you say nothing against Marcus Aurelius."

"I don't know who he was, dear," observed Sheila meekly.

"He was a Roman emperor and a philosopher. I suppose it was because he was an emperor that he found it easy to be a philosopher. However, my aunt is nuts on Marcus Aurelius: I beg your pardon, you don't know the phrase. My aunt makes Marcus Aurelius her Bible, and she is sure to read you bits from him, which you must believe, you know."

"I will try," said Sheila doubtfully, "but if—"

"Oh, it has nothing to do with religion. I don't think anybody knows what Marcus Aurelius means, so you may as well believe it. Ingram swears by him, but he is always full of odd crotchets."

"Does Mr. Ingram believe in Marcus Aurelius?" said Sheila with some accession of interest.

"Why, he gave my aunt the book years ago—confound him!—and ever since she has been a nuisance to her friends. For my own part, you know, I don't believe that Marcus Aurelius was quite such an ass as Plato. He talks the same sort of perpetual common-places, but it isn't about the True and the Good and the Beautiful. Would you like me to repeat to you one of the Dialogues of Plato—about the immortality of Mr. Coie and the moral effect of the South Kensington Museum?"

"No, dear, I shouldn't," said Sheila.

"You deprive yourself of a treat, but never mind. Here we are at my aunt's house."

Sheila timidly glanced at the place while her husband paid the cabman. It was a tall, narrow, dingy-looking house of dark brick, with some black green ivy at the foot of the walls, and with crimson curtains formally arranged in every one of the windows. If Mrs. Lavender was a rich old lady, why did she live in such a gloomy building? Sheila had seen beautiful white houses in all parts of London: her own house, for example, was ever so much more cheerful than this one; and yet she had heard with awe of the value of this depressing little mansion in Kensington Gore.

The door was opened by a man, who showed them up stairs and announced their names. Sheila's heart beat quickly. She entered the drawing-room with a sort of mist before her eyes, and found herself going forward to a lady who sat at the farther end. She had a strangely vivid impression, amid all her alarm that this old lady looked like the withered kernel of a nut. Or was she not like a cockatoo? It was through no anticipation of dislike to Mrs. Lavender that the imagination of the girl got hold of that notion. But the little old lady held her head like a cockatoo. She had the hard, staring, observant and unimpressionable eyes of a cockatoo. What was there, moreover, about the decorations of her head that reminded one of a cockatoo when it puts up its crest and causes its feathers to look like sticks of celery.

"Aunt Caroline, this is my wife."

"I am glad to see you, dear," said the old lady, giving her hand, but not rising. "Sit down. When you are a little nervous you ought to sit down. Frank, give me that ammonia from the mantelpiece."

It was a small glass phial, and labeled "Poison." She smelt the stopper, and then handed it to Sheila, telling her to do the same.

* * * * *

The invaluable Paterson acted as a sort of hench-woman to her mistress, standing by her chair and supplying her wants. She also had the management of a small pair of silver scales, in which pretty nearly every thing that Mrs. Lavender took in the way of solid food was carefully and accurately weighed. The conversation was chiefly alimentary, and Sheila listened with a growing wonder to the description of the devices by which the ladies of Mrs. Lavender's acquaintance were wont to cheat fatigue or win an appetite or preserve their color. When by accident the girl herself was appealed to, she had to confess to an astonishing ignorance of all such resources. She knew nothing of the rela-

tive strengths and effects of wines, though she was frankly ready to make any experiment her husband recommended. She knew what camphor was, but had never heard of bismuth. On cross-examination she had to admit that eau-de-cologne did not seem to her likely to be a pleasant liquor before going to a ball. Did she not know the effect on brown hair of washing it in soda-water every night?

She was equally confessing her ignorance on all such points, when she was startled by a sudden question from Mrs. Lavender. Did she know what she was doing?

She looked at her plate: there was on it a piece of cheese to which she had thoughtlessly helped herself. Somebody had called it Roquefort—that was all she knew.

"You have as much there, child, as would kill a ploughman; and I suppose you would not have had the sense to leave it."

"Is it poison?" said Sheila, regarding her plate with horror.

"All cheese is. Paterson, my scales."

She had Sheila's plate brought to her, and the proper modicum of cheese cut, weighed and sent back.

"Remember, whatever house you are at, never to have more Roquefort than that."

"It would be simpler to do without it," said Sheila.

"It would be simple enough to do without a great many things," said Mrs. Lavender severely. "But the wisdom of living is to enjoy as many different things as possible, so long as you do so in moderation and preserve your health. You are young—you don't think of such things. You think, because you have good teeth and a clear complexion, you can eat anything. But that won't last. A time will come. Do you not know what the great emperor Marcus Antonius says?—'In a little while thou wilt be nobody and nowhere, like Hadrianus and Augustus.'"

"Yes," said Sheila.

She had not enjoyed her luncheon much—she would rather have had a ham sandwich and a glass of spring water on the side of a Highland hill than this varied and fastidious repast accompanied by a good deal of physiology—but it was too bad that, having successfully got through it, she should be threatened with annihilation immediately afterward. It was no sort of consolation to her to know that she would be in the same plight with two emperors.

"Frank, you can go and smoke a cigar in the conservatory if you please. Your wife will come up stairs with me and have a talk."

Sheila would much rather have gone into the conservatory also, but she obediently followed Mrs. Lavender up stairs and into the drawing-room. It was rather a melancholy chamber, the curtains shutting out most of the daylight, and leaving you in a semi-darkness that made the place look big and vague and spectral. The little, shriveled woman, with the hard and staring eyes and silver-gray hair, bade Sheila sit down beside her. She herself sat by a small table, on which there were a tiny pair of scales, a bottle of ammonia, a fan, and a book in an old-fashioned binding of scarlet morocco and gold. Sheila wished this old woman would not look at her so. She wished there was a window open or a glint of sunlight coming in somewhere. But she was glad that her husband was enjoying himself in the conservatory; and that for two reasons. One of them was, that she did not like the tone of his talk while he and his aunt had been conversing together about cosmetics and such matters. Not only did he betray a marvelous acquaintance with such things, but he seemed to take an odd sort of pleasure in exhibiting his knowledge. He talked about the tricks of fashionable women in a mocking way that Sheila did not quite like; and of course she naturally threw the blame on Mrs. Lavender. It was only when this old lady exerted a godless influence over him that her good boy talked in this fashion. There was nothing of that about him up in Lewis, nor yet at home in a certain snug little smoking-room which these two had come to consider the most comfortable corner in the house. Sheila began to hate women who used lip-salve, and silently recorded a vow that never, never, never would she wear anybody's hair but her own.

"Do you suffer from headaches?" said Mrs. Lavender abruptly.

"Sometimes," said Sheila.

"How often; What is an average? Two a week?"

"Oh, sometimes I have not a headache for three or four months at a time."

"No toothache?"

"No."

"What did your mother die of?"

"It was a fever," said Sheila in a low voice, "and she caught it while she was helping a family that was very bad with the fever."

"Does your father ever suffer from rheumatism?"

"No," said Sheila. "My papa is the strongest man in the Lewis—I am sure of that."

"But the strongest of us, you know," said Mrs. Lavender, looking hardly at the girl—"the strongest of us will die and go into the general order of the universe; and it is a good thing for you that, as you say, you are not afraid. Why should you be afraid? Listen to this passage." She opened the red book, and guided herself to a certain page by one of a series of colored ribbons: "'He who fears death either fears the loss of sensation or a different kind of sensation. But if thou shalt have no sensation, neither wilt thou feel any harm; and if thou shalt acquire another kind of sensation, thou wilt be a different kind of living being, and thou wilt not cease to live.' Do you perceive the wisdom of that?"

"Yes," said Sheila, and her own voice seemed hollow and strange to her in this big and dimly-lit chamber.

Mrs. Lavender turned over a few more pages, and proceeded to read again; and as she did so, in a slow, unsympathetic, monotonous voice, a spell came over the girl, the weight at her heart grew more and more intolerable, and the room seemed to grow darker: "Short, then, is the time which every man lives; and small the nook of the earth where he lives; short, too, the longest posthumous fame, and even this only continued by a succession of poor human beings, who will very soon die, and who know not even themselves, much less him who died long ago.' You can not do better than to ask your husband to buy you a copy of this book, and give it special study. It will comfort you in affliction, and reconcile you to whatever may happen to you. Listen: 'Soon the earth will cover us all; then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave, and their rapidity, he will despise every thing which is perishable.' Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Sheila, and it seemed to her that she was being suffocated. Would not the gray walls burst asunder and show her one glimpse of the blue sky before she sank into unconsciousness? The monotonous tones of this old woman's voice sounded like the repetition of a psalm over a coffin. It was as if she was already shut out from life, and could only hear in a vague way the dismal words being chanted over her by the people in the other world. She rose, steadied herself for a moment by placing her hand on the back of the chair, and managed to say, "Mrs. Lavender, forgive me for one moment: I wish to speak to my husband."

She went to the door—Mrs. Lavender being too surprised to follow her—and made her way down stairs. She had seen the conservatory at the end of a certain passage. She reached it, and then she scarcely knew any more, except that her husband caught her in his arms as she cried, "Oh, Frank, Frank, take me away from this house! I am afraid: it terrifies me!"

The arrival at an American port of a large Japanese man-of-war is certainly an event of considerable moment in the history of human progress. They must be very recent school-books indeed which fail to represent the war-ship of Japan as any thing other than a huge junk, with lateen sails, gay with sanguinary colors, and generally resembling the Scriptural model of NOAH'S ark. But here is a steamship of one thousand tons burden, carrying twelve 50-pound guns, and with a two-hundred horse-power engine. This vessel is the *Tsukuba*, and it lately arrived at San Francisco, officered and manned by Japanese, and flying the flag of the Land of the Rising Sun. It must be said, however, that a few Englishmen and

Americans are judiciously distributed about in various parts of the ship. * * * We are told by those who have inspected the war vessel from the Orient that the dress and drill of her crew are imitated from those of the American Navy. The instructor on board says that the men are "as active and efficient as any white crew." * * * The Japanese corvette, when entering the Golden Gate, was covered fore and aft with the crew, who were sketching every object of interest. One can hardly imagine a Japanese sailor cursing his tarry toplights, shivering his timbers, splicing the main brace, or dancing a hornpipe on the orlop-deck, after the approved fashion of theatrical naval engagements. But, by and by, the quaint national traits and habits will disappear, and the Oriental tar will use the traditional jargon of the fore-castle with all the unction of the mariners of England or America.

—N. Y. Times.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1876.

F. WAYLAND-SMITH, H. H. SKINNER, A. E. HAMILTON,
G. N. MILLER, A. EASTON, S. L. NUNNS,

J. H. NOYES (*Home-Talks*).

OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS.

WM. A. HINDS, CHAS. A. CRAGIN, GEO. E. CRAGIN,
T. R. NOYES, A. BARRON, J. W. TOWNER,
T. L. PITT, C. W. UNDERWOOD, A. S. HOBART,
H. J. SEYMOUR, CHAS. A. BURT, BEULAH HENDEE,
J. B. HERRICK, H. THACKER, G. CRAGIN,
AND OTHERS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1876.

MYSTERIOUS FORCES.

MR. T. A. EDISON, an electrician of Newark, N. J., has recently discovered a new "force," the exact nature of which is not yet determined. Mr. Edison calls it an "etheric force." It resembles electricity and yet differs widely from it. It produces a vigorous flash of light, but makes no sensation on the hand or tongue. Soon after the announcement of this new discovery was made, Dr. George M. Beard, who seems to have erected himself as the champion destined to overthrow all Spiritualistic and other delusions, undertook an examination of the matter. He repaired to Mr. Edison's laboratory and made some physiological experiments with the new force, the results of which he gives in a letter to the *Tribune*. He says:

1. "The force is conducted by the human body. This was proved by taking hold by one hand of the conductor—a wire, iron bar, or gas-pipe—that was in connection with the apparatus evolving the force, and with the other hand touching the blade of a knife to a stove, or block of metal; when this was done sparks appeared, though somewhat smaller than when the force did not traverse the body."

2. "The force in passing through the body produces no demonstrable physiological effects. While we have the evidence of the sparks that the force is traversing the body, yet, wherever directed, it causes no sensation, not even on the tip of the tongue; no muscular contraction anywhere, no tremor, no erection of the hair, no flashes of light, no sour taste, no dizziness—in short, none of the usual physiological reactions of the different forms of electricity."

3. "The force passing through a galvanoscopic frog, either caused very slight contraction or none. The galvanoscopic frog is a test for electricity of exceeding delicacy."

"The apparatus for generating this force consists simply of a large, self-vibrating electro-magnet, run by several (from 5 to 20, electro-poison cells. Considerable but not enormous battery power is needed. The force can be obtained from any self-vibrating electro-magnet, or from an electro-magnet

operated on by a key. All that is necessary is to connect a wire to the core of a magnet or any metal in connection with it; or it may be generated by a piece of cadmium or a copper rod surrounded by a helix of wire, placed in a battery circuit and interrupted by a key."

Dr. Beard also gives at some length accounts of experiments he and Mr. Edison made with the new force, which demonstrated to their satisfaction that it is no known form of electricity; after which he compares it with heat, calls upon scientific investigators to study it, and concludes thus:

"This force is confounded or compared with the so-called 'odic force' of Reichenbach, which was utterly a delusion. Sensitive people, when shut up in a dark room, as I have proved by many experiments, see whatever they are told to see, hear what they think they ought to hear, and experience any sensation that they expect to. The experiments of Reichenbach were worthless, for the reason that he did not eliminate the error that comes from the mind acting on the body. . . . In conclusion I may say in reply to the very natural suspicion of trickery, that Mr. Edison, to whom I was personally a stranger, gave me every possible opportunity to revise his experiments, assisted me in making new ones, submitted to every and any test suggested, and made no secret to any scientific inquirer of apparatus or his methods. Although I at first deceived him and his assistants by cutting the wires, and in various ways, in order to guard against any possible deception, intentional or unintentional, yet it was very soon demonstrated that any precautions against trickery were superfluous."

Encountering such a new and mysterious force, should naturally lead Dr. Beard to ask himself whether there are not still other and more refined forces acting in the world, which are as yet unknown to his senses or his chemistry? He denies the existence of spiritual forces such as it is claimed produce the phenomena of the cabinet or the circle-room, and says that even Reichenbach's odic force was a delusion. But in the light of this new force which he is fathering, ought he not to distrust his previous opinion that there can be no unknown, occult forces at work? Is he not possibly getting entangled in something which may yet compel him to re-open his former judgment? He should reflect that his unwillingness to submit to the conditions necessary to spirit manifestations, and his consequent ignorance of them, are no proof that they do not occur. Evidently he will have to begin anew his study of Spiritualism. F. W. S.

OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

A WAY TO INSURE LOVE AND GOOD-WILL.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—During the past week we have heard of another gentleman who has started a Turkish Bath, following our example of simplicity and economy, though in this case we imagine it is for his own private use only. We treated him at our baths for a short time, and though his was a very severe case of dumb ague of long standing, yet he derived considerable benefit. He writes under date of Dec. 29:

"I secured a room early last month, and having divided it by partitions into three apartments, added every thing essential to complete a Turkish Bath. Although not having all the conveniences that you have at your establishment, I am able to administer the bath with a good degree of perfection."

"I have found considerable temporary relief in the bath, and think that I see signs of permanent betterment coming. My disease being of so stubborn a nature, and of so long standing, time will be required to effect a permanent cure. The rheumatism has taken fast hold on my muscular system, and neuralgia upon the nerves; doubtless the effects of the old dumb ague are more than the disease itself."

"I have ceased almost altogether taking medicine; excepting occasionally a little as a palliative, when the pains become unendurably intense. I make it a point to take one thorough bath a day, and I purpose to continue in this for the future, until a more definite result is reached. One good effect already realized, is the

removal of the bilious complaint from which I suffered severely."

"I fitted up my bath at an expense of about fifteen dollars, while fuel and rent do not amount to more than three or four dollars per month."

The writer of the above, is a minister, and tells us that he has been sick twelve years and has taken the strongest medicines without getting relief. He has taken quinine, arsenic, nux-vomica, etc., both as medicine and by injecting under the skin, but found nothing that soothed him like the Turkish Bath.

A lady writes that she has fitted up a Turkish Bath at an expense of seven dollars. Others are interesting themselves in the movement in a practical way, and the work progresses as well as we could wish. New-York city, with its numerous suburbs, must rise up with the rest of us and rebel against the dominion of King Ague. Merchants and millionaires have their villas and palaces, and all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can provide for them, but disease sits as a dweller on the threshold and haunts them in their houses. Now is the time for them to be up and stirring. In the winter months there is comparative immunity from the ague; it is the time of peace in which to prepare for war. Let those who have been favored by fortune add one more to their many luxuries and build themselves a Turkish Bath. They will find it a preventive against ague, and a valuable prophylactic agency in reference to all other diseases.

Having thus provided themselves and their families with so valuable a household attachment, there remains the best possible opportunity for them to help their neighbors. They will gain the love and good-will of those around them, and materially increase the value of their own real estate by doing as we have done here, providing themselves and the public with a good, clean, cheap Turkish Bath.

A. E.

W. C. Jan. 9, 1876.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF HENRY WILSON, late Vice-President of the United States. By Rev. Elias Nason and Hon. Thomas Russell. B. B. Russell, 55 Cornhill, Boston.

This is a handsomely-bound volume of 452 pages, and considering the haste with which it must have been compiled (scarcely a month intervening between the death and this "Life" of the Vice-President), a very readable work. It was evidently written by warm friends and admirers of Mr. Wilson, and has the characteristics of an eulogy rather than of a careful and thorough delineation of his real life. The authors do not discover faults in their hero, or at least do not describe any. We can readily believe Henry Wilson had the unselfish, noble, Christian virtues they portray; but we find it difficult to believe any man could devote heart and mind so thoroughly to the study and discussion of political questions, and have so much to do with the organization and manipulation of political parties, and not have those virtues in any degree tarnished in consequence. But we do not care to be critical. The career of Henry Wilson is an exceedingly interesting and instructive one. Few persons whose names adorn American history began life in more humble circumstances, overcame greater obstacles, or achieved greater success; and certainly few will be more honored for their steadfast devotion to principle. "Poverty," he said in his celebrated reply to Mr. Hammond of South Carolina, "cast her dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood, and Want was there an unbidden guest. At the age of ten years, to aid him who gave me being in keeping the gaunt specter from the hearth of the mother who bore me, I left the home of my boyhood and went to earn my bread by daily labor;" and it is asserted that before he had finished his eleven years'

apprenticeship to a hard-working farmer "he had never possessed two dollars, and a single dollar would cover every penny he had ever spent." But though his circumstances were so unfavorable he still managed to borrow and read many books. His desire for education was unquenchable. It stimulated him to exertions few could have endured, such as working sixteen hours a day; and "not unfrequently," it is said, "he worked all night and two days in succession without sleep." It must be said in his praise that he was never ashamed of his early poverty. His first legislative speech was made in favor of the working-man, and his great efforts were all in behalf of the oppressed. "I have striven ever to be true to my country in peace and war; to maintain the cause of equal, impartial, and universal liberty; to maintain a policy that tended to enlighten our countrymen, lift burdens from the toiling millions, and make our country what we wish it shall be—a grand democratic republic, the admiration of all the world."

Forty years ago Mr. Wilson visited Washington for the first time, and then had such a sense of the power and wickedness of slavery, that he "left the capital of his country," he says, "with the unalterable resolution to give all that he had, and all that he hoped to have, of power, to the cause of Emancipation." We think that no one can read this volume and doubt that he was true to this resolution. Mr. Wilson had a great share in organizing the Republican party and the victories it has achieved; he was also a fruitful writer on anti-slavery subjects; but he may be longest remembered for his invaluable services as Chairman of the Senate Military Committee during the War of the Rebellion. He was in that position what Stanton was as Secretary of War. Gen. Scott said in 1861 that "Senator Wilson had done more work in one short session than all the chairmen of military committees had done for the last twenty years."

W. A. H.

MILLIONS—O DON'T!

I am totally unable to comprehend the idea of a million. I can say the word, I can spell it; I can hear it, but I don't like it. It means absolutely nothing to me. I am not to blame for this; I can't help it; I lack the requisite convolution in my brain.

I don't want a million of any thing I can think of. I should not like to think I have a million enemies; and I know I can be happy with fewer than a million friends. Certainly I hope I have not a million faults; and I would have my virtues numberless, rather than just a million! I don't long for a million dollars, nor for a million other things this million dollars might be made to bring me.

By one of the inscrutable laws of destiny, I, with my mental incapacity for the infinite, am linked by the bonds of friendship to one whose mental traits are quite diverse. I should say his brain was mostly made up of convolutions that cause him to hanker for the unknown, to be always striving to "solve the infinite." His mind is at peace when contemplating endless time and space—reaching forward into eternity—in fact dwelling on those things which he frankly admits are beyond the grasp of the human mind. I have frequently heard him say his idea of heaven is a place where he can disappear and be gone for a million years without being missed. While on the contrary, to hear him talk, makes me homesick, I feel so shelterless and alone—so let out into boundless nowhere, that I am ready to exclaim "O, the utter disconsolateness of millions!" If he ever suspects me of feeling in the least somber, he tells me to "cheer up; no matter what our trials are here, a million years from now 'twill be all the same." I hasten

to smile, and divert him; for I know in a moment he will go careering through space for the most distant nebula known to man, and seek to soothe me by imparting some information concerning it.

If I walk with him in the evening and by some mischance let slip a word of admiration about the stars, it starts him off and he talks to me till I'm as dismal as if I had been listening to a screech-owl. He will say, "You see that star, don't you? Well that is one of the nearest fixed stars, but it takes light over three years to come to us from there. From some of the more distant stars, light, traveling at the rate of about 186,000 miles in a second, is twenty years in reaching us." I grow still under it; he gathers force and talks on. "You see the milky way there, don't you? Our sun belongs to that cluster of stars; we see it edgewise, and I think I have seen it stated that light traveling at the same rate is about 1,500 years in crossing from one side of this cluster to the other. Now let us see how many miles that would make it." After a time he imparts to me the cozy intelligence that it must be in the neighborhood of 8,798,720,000,000,000 miles.

He often tells me that according to the law of chances, in a million times the average would be so and so. It's all in vain for me to insist there is no law in chance, if there were, it would cease to be chance. Once while folding some sheets of paper that had on them a cut, representing a target with bullet-holes round the "bull's eye," I began to fear he would give me a discourse; and as if my thoughts had affected him, in a few moments he caught a paper and all aglow with his subject said, "Now don't you see that if a million shots had been fired at this target"—I excused myself, and carried the papers into the next room.

"One summer eve in pensive mood
I wandered on the sea-beat shore,"

and might have "gathered shells" if it had not chanced that my friend saw a golden opportunity and carried every thing before him. He began, "You see all this sand, don't you?" The sea had made me at peace; I was off my guard and I said unsuspectingly, "Oh, yes; isn't this a lovely beach? How beautifully the waves curl up on the sand." He did not seem to hear me, but again inquired, "You see all *this* sand, don't you?" marking off a figure on the beach with his cane. "Yes," I marmured. "Well, you see this pinch of sand, don't you? You notice these little atoms? How many million, million, million grains do you suppose there are here?" "I don't know," I said, drearly. He went on cheerfully, "Well, though the sun is 1,400,000 times larger than our earth, it is of no more importance when compared with the whole universe than this grain of sand is as compared to the whole beach. For each one of the fixed stars is probably the center of a planetary system; and some of these systems are very much larger than ours."

I didn't answer; I couldn't. My mind in struggling to grasp the faintest conception of this infinity has become so drawn out, attenuated, elongated and thinned down that I can't defend myself from his attacks; and when I think I may have to "progress" through each of these planetary systems, it makes me so tired, I feel as if I were already a million years old.

S.

HOME ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

THE other day, along in the middle of the afternoon, a solitary engine was seen rushing by on the railroad, evidently under full headway of steam. Not long after, the rumor went round that the engine was in hot haste after a prisoner, escaping on the last train up.

THE fore part of last week, late in the evening,

and during a very high wind, on looking out of an upper window of the house we noticed a fire over in the direction of the swamp and woods bordering the railroad on the western part of our domain. Hearing of it, a few of the men went over there. They found that fire had caught in the dry grass above the woods, which was ablaze for some distance, and had burned to within a few feet of the woods. Their arrival was timely. A few shovels full of dirt was sufficient to quench the fire, that, had it got into the woods, would have done considerable damage, and made much trouble.

A LATE visitor, and connection of Commodore Vanderbilt, says though he is eighty-two years old he looks hale and hearty, and shows few signs of decrepitude; he stands at the head of his business, and brooks no interference with his plans. He is fond of fast horses; takes a drive every day after dinner, has a light supper and spends his evenings playing whist.

Saturday, Jan. 8.—This morning we saw a flock of the boys, capped and mittened, just returning from a frolic among the barns and haystacks of our Hitchcock farm. Though our children live in the country, their pleasures are somewhat of a compromise between those of the town and of rural districts. This is owing to some of the peculiarities of our Communistic ideas of education. We have become convinced that the habitual intercourse of children with domestic animals, so common in ordinary society, has the opposite of an ennobling influence. The philosophy which encourages the ascending fellowship, and discourages the horizontal and descending fellowships, steps in here as a regulator. So our children, consequently, know but little of cats and dogs, and are quite unfamiliar with barn-yards and pig-sties, and cattle generally. However, as a variety, and in company with those older, they are now and then taken to the barns, pastures, or sheep-folds, for a ramble and play-spell.

Monday, Jan. 9.—Last week a darling forget-me-not opened its blue eye upon a false and fickle winter. The little thing was brought us by our florist, frozen stiff. Colder temperatures and high winds have since then kept any other posy from being so venturesome. To-day, a real gale is blowing from the south-west, accompanied with flurries of snow.

AFTER the visit of the children to Joppa last week, though the weather grew considerably colder, several parties of men went down there, tempted partly by the skating and fishing, but more by the chance the open winter afforded for outdoor exercise and tramping. One party, on arriving at the Lake, found the ice in rather a curious condition. The warm weather had expanded it to such an extent, that the eastern shore was piled along its whole length with one grand confusion of crushed and broken ice, several feet deep. No sooner had their eyes noticed this phenomenon, than their ears were made conscious of another, *viz.*, a series of loud, explosive noises, coming apparently from far out in the Lake. These sounds now resembled distant thunder, or the report of some cannon echoed from the sides of far-away hills, and now, were of a cracking, tearing nature, thoroughly indescribable. Says one of the party:

"Interested in the cause of this phenomenon, several of us strapped on our skates and started on a tour of investigation, out toward the center of the Lake. As we glided along, there beat in our heads the ancient 'Rime,'

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

"About a mile out, and parallel with the eastern

shore, we came across another phenomenon in the shape of a broken line in the ice, made by one part slipping on top of the other, in some places, to the distance of several rods. This we thought probably caused by the resistance of one portion of the ice to the expansion of the other. Still in our ears was the sullen roar of the ice. 'What causes it?' we asked one another. On we went, over the drifts of snow, and ice, rough and smooth."

"Come," said O., at last, "I'm not going to stand this, you know. I'm going in. Whew! How cold my ears and fingers are!"

"Such rough ice isn't worth the risk of freezing, to display one's skill on," said L. "Fact is, the weather *has* changed; really didn't suppose it would be so cold down here, when I started."

"There!" exclaimed H., "You fellows have put the idea into my head. I've got at the reason of the thing now, I do believe. The cold weather is contracting the ice to its former area or size, and hence these explosive, cracking, tearing sounds."

"Guess you're right," said O., "Let's go and discuss the matter over the stove."

WE have had a revolution the past week about one little matter. A very successful revolution it is, too, inasmuch as there was no dissenting party.

The evening hour between six and seven thus far this winter, has been occupied with public reading; and the books read have been, with but two exceptions, novels. A few among the family have all along felt a distaste to spending the hour thus. Their desire was that such a gathering could be in some way made more of a means of general education. Their ideas were, however, very indefinite on the subject; but circumstances have gradually conspired to bring about just the desired result.

The Villa family were the first to step out. Some few weeks ago they began to occupy this evening hour with conversations on various intellectual and instructive subjects, short, informal lectures, reports from one and another of the results of their reading, impromptu geography and spelling-classes, etc., etc. The next conspiring circumstance was some words from W. C. in criticism of novels and novel-reading. We were advised, if we would make such reading profitable, or at least, reduce its unprofitableness to the minimum, to adopt the plan of analyzing and criticising the novels we read, and be wise and discriminating in our choice, when we do read them. There was no severe philippic pronounced against novel-reading. Indeed, it is evident that the reading of first-class novels, if judiciously pursued, is a valuable aid to a liberal education. Some one has well said, that "there is in them the power to transport you to scenes and countries you have never visited. They introduce you to societies that you may never hope to enter. They cause you to be familiar with the costumes, manners and customs of lands foreign to your own. * * * Perusing them, we become intimate with the finest intellects; and authors of good novels hold no mean rank as the educators and helpers of the world." Still, those who read novels, must do so guardedly, or else their ideas on many subjects will be perverted.

But we digress. The remarks reported from W. C., made in connection with their novel-reading there, started an animated conversation in our meeting here. One and another suggested that we give up the public reading of novels, for the present, at least, and devote the evening reading hour to lectures, and general educational purposes. This idea met with an enthusiastic response from the whole family.

The next day the Educational Committee, in connection with others vitally interested in such matters, held a session. The result of their meeting was the appointing of a sub-committee of two (a gentleman and lady), to take charge of the eve-

ning hour, and be responsible that it be used for the above-mentioned purposes. This plan and appointment were ratified by the evening meeting of the same day. Since then we have spent the hour before meeting somewhat as follows:

1st evening.—General conversation on the best methods of study, with advice as to the attitude of mind most calculated to receive and assimilate information.

2d evening.—Lecture on Phrenology;—(first of a course to beginners, during the winter).

3d evening.—Lecture on the Suez Canal—its historical, geographical, and political aspects.

4th evening.—Entertainment; (we propose to devote an evening, perhaps as often as once a week, to games, tableaux, plays, etc., etc.)

5th evening.—Lecture on the Steam Engine.

6th evening.—Lecture on the life and character of Henry Wilson.

EVENING MEETING, AT W. C.

Dec. 15, 1875.

N.—The connection between Communistic love and victory over disease and death, may be made out, I think, by analogy in many ways. Take, for instance, the principle of electricity or galvanism. The power generated in the galvanic circuit is proportioned to the number of cells, and whatever goes to break up the unity of the cells—whatever interrupts the connection, or diminishes the circuit, weakens the system and hinders the generation of power. A similar principle is recognized in Spiritualism. The power is generated in connected circles, and must be proportioned to the perfection of the connection, and the extent of the circuit. Well, Communism is a permanent, organized system for developing life or the vital fluid, and the power obtained will be in proportion to the extent and perfection of the circuit. Of course, whatever goes to separate parties from the general combination—to interrupt the connection between them and the whole body, tends to weaken the social battery as well as the separating parties. Now we all know by abundant experience and observation, that exclusive sexual love has the effect to separate pairs from the Communistic circle; and in general the "family spirit" which forms little exclusive circles of relatives, has the same effect on those who live in it. Just so far as persons drop down into selfish love of any kind, they get out of the circuit and cease to add to the volume of vital force that is being generated by the Community.

That is the difference, and it is a very sharply defined difference which any body can easily understand, between true love and false. Any condition of our affections that withdraws us from the general circulation into a special home of our own—a special love, a special friendship, a special circle to which we devote ourselves—any thing that withdraws us from the Communism which constitutes the circulation of the whole body, goes to weaken the body, and is a bad kind of love. The effect of it is not only to weaken us in spirit, but physically—to hinder the generation of life and health among us, and to hinder us from becoming mediums of life to the world. Just in proportion as we are thoroughly communized in heart, we become by that fact mediums of the "water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." That is the true doctrine, and the only true doctrine about the connection between sexual love and victory over disease and death.

I shall not be found an enemy to the intensest kind of love that can be conceived of between the sexes. In the long run I shall be found a better friend to that than any body else who does not understand this philosophy of Communism. I believe that the height and depth and length and breadth of all the love that the novelists ever

pictured or thought of, are as nothing to that which shall be given to us if we make ourselves mediums of the love of heaven. The greater the number of cells, the more intense the galvanism generated, and the brighter the sparks that will come from it.

EVENING MEETING AT W. C.

Dec. 27, 1875.

[After the reading of paragraphs from an article in the *Tribune* by Prof. Tayler Lewis, entitled "Scripture Evolution," Mr. N. remarked as follows:]

The great mistake that Positivism is making, and that scientific men are all the time tempted to make, is to assume that because they can trace with some probability certain natural processes in the development of the universe, it is therefore safe to assume that there has been no spiritual intervention, and nothing but these natural processes concerned in the matter. That theory is absolutely contradicted by my experience: I am all the time conscious of being, on the one hand, in the midst of natural processes, and on the other, of spiritual influences entering into those processes and modifying them, guiding, hastening and arranging them in various ways. It is just as certain to me as any law of chemistry or mathematics that there is, mixed up with all the natural processes of my experience, also a spiritual influence that has intelligence and a far-reaching purpose; and I am just as sure as I can be of any thing in the past, that what I see and know in my own experience has existed in the universe from the beginning.

We know what we mean by Providence; it is a very distinct, concrete idea, and one that no one can laugh us out of because it is a matter of constant perception and consciousness; and all we have to say to any who do not see it, is, that they are unfortunate, blind men. Now, that Providence which we can see in our own experience, is perfectly adapted to the experience of the universe, and can be traced every-where in the history of the universe; and we have every reason to believe that it has been at work in it from the beginning, interfering with all that has been going on—that there has been a purpose and object in all the changes by which the universe has come to be what it is.

THE KINGFISHER.

BEHOLD the kingfisher, how he toils! I can never see one of these birds engaged in the task of getting a meal for itself and its brood, without thinking of what the biographer of Sir Philip Sydney said of that hero. He said that Sir Philip could "toil terribly." I am impressed with the arduous nature of the kingfisher's work. It appeals to my sympathetic sense somewhat as do the stories of those pitiful, patient people who weave lace in dark cellars, or spend a lifetime in matching together minute bits of colored glass.

The conspicuous and brilliant performances of the kingfisher, which may be seen over almost any millpond, prove less tiresome to the interested eye than the feats of a daring acrobat. If you are near enough to the bird, you may see that he is like the circus tumbler, dressed in brilliant colors of blue, lined and spotted with white, as though nature knew that he was to go upon the stage and had fitted him for the spectacle. A fresh water pond, with a curved and sloping bank, forms a pretty amphitheater from which to witness the exploits of the kingfisher. Watch him as he circles above the water scanning its smooth surface for his morning meal! At the time your eye takes note of him he may be making broad, majestic sweeps which cover a large part of the water surface. Suddenly, detecting his prey at a little distance to

the right or left, he will, with an inspiring sweep which makes your heart beat faster, describe a graceful arc to which the surface of the pond lies tangent, and return with a dumb, but wriggling and twisting fish in his strong beak. Again, you may see him sustaining himself in mid air over a point in the pond and at an altitude of sixty feet above it, while he scans the water directly beneath him. It does not require any demonstration in physics to show that his outlay of power in doing this, is enormous. It is plain from every gyration of his powerful wings that it is a very *supremum laborem*. Holding himself thus until he fancies he is sure of his prey, he drops with a rushing gravity in a perpendicular line, breaking the surface of the pond with the dull splash of a heavy stone. Sometimes, when his luck is particularly good, he will rise with a bass, whose weight and contortions drag the kingfisher to the water again and again, before he can bear the exhausted fish away.

The toil of the kingfisher does not excite my interest because I suppose that he is inadequate to the capture of his prey. By no means. His skill is obvious, admirable and wonderful; but it is nevertheless plain that his labors in the business of getting a livelihood are more exacting of skill and strength than those of almost any bird or beast. The boundaries of possible performance seem to converge to a point in the task of the kingfisher. Compare it with that of the cat. The cat and the mouse live in the same element and it is apparent that there is a great disparity between them in favor of the cat. Every motion of the lissome form of the latter shows its exceeding suppleness and willow-like sinuosity in comparison with which the poor little mouse is but lame and halting. The cat, it is true, sits with infinite patience near the hole of his victim; but when the mouse steals forth, the odds are all in favor of the cat. But to drop from the skies as the kingfisher does, to penetrate another element, and snatch so subtle and elusive a thing as a fish! "*Hic labor, hoc opus est!*"

The kingfisher does not always bring back a fish when he plunges, any more than the pearl-diver brings up a pearl at every dive. Many a time have I seen a kingfisher after toilsome and fishless diving retire with all the majestic dignity of a Roman to rest himself upon the bough of an aged elm which stood near the border of the pond. While sitting there in the silent loneliness of a gray dawn, I have thought that the feelings of his breast might be as grimly foreboding as are those of a laborer who has neither hire nor bread for his children. However, I never heard of a kingfisher starving; and as to dejection, I presume he knows nothing at all about it, for it is evident that his character is valiant and audacious, masculine and aggressive enough. To the poor little fish he is nothing less than a hissing thunderbolt.

It may be said in praise of the male kingfisher that he is a good husband. He does not leave the cares of breeding wholly to his mate, but takes an equal share with her in the tedium of incubation.

There is a great deal of ancient, mythical and superstitious literature about the kingfisher. He is made the harbinger of fair weather; his feathers are a sure charm for securing the affections of a loved object, and a protection against witches and storms at sea; but there seems to be little need of recurring to this to justify the interest which may be taken in him.

G.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 30, 1875.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The CIRCULAR has been a welcome weekly visitor during the year. I can not tell you how much I have been edified and blessed by the many good things it has contained. To me it grows better and dearer every year. The

Home-Talks of Mr. Noyes which it contains from time to time, are very instructive and cheering; I read the Home-Items with much interest and pleasure; and I am glad to see extracts from the *Berean* in its columns—for I esteem the *Berean* very much. Your notes from criticisms are very interesting to me; I have received great benefit from them. I deem it a blessed system, and believe that one must have the spirit of Christ and true humility to endure the ordeal, for the spirit of the world could not.

I have loaned my CIRCULARS and the Hind-Book to a number who had, from hearsay, formed wrong impressions about the society at Wallingford; and when they returned them, they seemed to be very much surprised to find that they were a religious people, and said, "Well, they are a better people than I thought they were." They find, also, that the Wallingford Community is but a branch of a much larger Community at Oneida, N. Y. But I do not wonder at their ignorance, when I think that I did not know it myself, until the news came to me five years ago through Frank Leslie's Pictorial. I think now, so far as I am concerned, it was the best news that paper ever contained; for I am now in love with the Community and Bible Communism.

I have read "Home-Talks" through three times during the past year, and I think that every student of Bible Communism should have it. I am very much interested in the Turkish Bath. God bless you in your work of love and charity to all, and more especially to those of your readers who do not possess much of this world's goods. Please continue the CIRCULAR to my address, and if I send more than the amount of my subscription, do with it as you deem proper.

Yours in the love of truth,

T. L. E.

Middle Granville, Washington Co., N. Y.—I have been exceedingly benefited by your articles on the Turkish Bath, and have built myself a bath of paper, which works well. It incloses my stove on three sides. I take it down easily. It is composed of six pieces of pasteboard hooked together. Cost about seven dollars.

Yours truly,

E. H.

Felt Mills, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1875.—The CIRCULAR was never more precious to me than at the present time; I have been very much interested in the work at Wallingford the past year, the Turkish Bath, and health-revival in general.

W. A. K.

Golden, Col., Dec. 20, 1875.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I have so few friends in this strange country that I desire you to continue sending me your paper. I only recently came here that I might have the benefit of the mountain air, as I was in poor health when I came; now that I am blessed with good health, I must needs toil late and early that I may obtain even the necessities of life. You are aware that in society a laboring woman is unknown, unsought, with not even a chance to cultivate the acquaintance of congenial friends, were they all around her. I shall ever be interested in your welfare, though I may never again have and enjoy the companionship of any of your faith—of my faith.

I would be so glad to receive letters of advice and friendship from any of your friends any where. May God bless you all.

V. O.

Clinton, Arkansas, Dec. 27, 1875.

I would return my most sincere thanks for the CIRCULAR. I should miss it so much. I feel the need of the paper, therefore ask the continuation of the same. You are doing a great good in the circulation of your paper as you do. Although many of us can not afford to pay the cost of it, yet we feel the need of the mental food it furnishes much more than those who have ample means to pay for the same. I believe it is not one of the least privations of poverty to be deprived of mental food; we feel it as the greatest. Hard physical labor and plain fare are good to help discipline us; but we need some little time for reading, and something to read.

In reading notes from Mr. Newhouse, on the manners of Southern people, and their method of labor; I thought I would like to ask if he was treated to the customary corn-bread, butter-milk and fried bacon?

C. R. D.

Long before I heard of you, I longed for such Bible Communism as is recorded in Acts 2, and 4; and reading in the CIRCULAR the glowing accounts of the benefits derived by your Community from your association, does not in the least

decrease my wish for its benefit. I long for it, and pray for it, and God willing, will soon labor for it. I agree with you heartily that in this respect, haste should be made very slowly, and that it should be only attempted upon deep, and well-established religious convictions and experience. I am one with you in the doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ, the Spiritual nature of the worship of God under the Christian dispensation. I have not yet been able to embrace your views on marriage, but, of course I believe that an improved system of stirpiculture should be pursued in all Christian Communities. Yours in the truth, S. B. K.

Clay Center, Kansas.

Mt. Pulaski, Ill., Dec. 27, 1875:—Should you wish to compare our weather with yours I will add: Friday morning (17th), following a sudden change the evening before, the thermometer marked four degrees below zero; and a few days afterwards, frost had entirely disappeared, but returned again moderately last night. To-day is quite pleasant again. Serious tears were entertained for the safety of the fruit buds.

Yours truly,

O. A. A.

FACTS AND TOPICS.

Calcite, green prehnite, datholite, ichthy-opthalmite, chabasite, analcime, and other gems of greater or less value, have been found in the rocks of the Palisades Ridge, west of Hoboken, through which a new railway tunnel is building.

Cuir-lidge is the name of a new fabric, exhibited for the first time at the late Paris Maritime Exhibition. It consists of thin sheets of cork coated on both sides with rubber, with some textile fabric outside, the whole forming one coherent tissue. It is designed as a substitute for leather, and possesses great strength and elasticity, besides being extremely light and quite impermeable to moisture.

—Harper's Weekly.

A perfect arch of the period of Servius Tullius, about 670, B. C., was found in the grounds of the Palazzo Antonelli, while digging an opening in the new Via Nazionale at Rome. It is supposed to be Luy's *Porta Fontinalis*, which led to Aex Martis.

A model of the national Washington Monument containing 6,385 pieces of native wood of sixty-seven varieties, has been constructed by W. H. Nicholas, of Philadelphia. It is to be exhibited at the Centennial.

From careful experiments, made under the supervision of Lord Kincaid, of Scotland, we have most valuable conclusions concerning manures covered, or lying in open yards:

Potatoes treated with barn-yard manure:

One acre produced 272 bushels.

One acre produced 292 bushels.

Potatoes manured from the covered sheds:

One acre produced 442 bushels.

One acre produced 471 bushels.

The next year the land was sown with wheat, when the crop was as follows:

Wheat on land treated with barn-yard manure:

One acre produced 41 bushels, 18 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel).

One acre produced 42 bushels, 38 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel).

Wheat on land manured from covered sheds:

One acre produced 55 bushels, 5 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel).

One acre produced 58 bushels, 47 pounds (of 61 pounds per bushel).

The straw also yielded one-third more upon the land fertilized with the manure from the covered stalls than upon that to which the ordinary manure was applied.

—The Shaker.

The Boston Herald says: "During a smart shower between 9 and 10 o'clock Sunday evening,

persons in the lower part of the village of South Hadley, Mass., saw a very brilliant meteor pass across the heavens, and dwellers on the hill heard a violent explosion like a very loud thunder clap. The meteor fell in the land south of the Catholic church, within a few feet of a man and his wife; it is described as a globe about a foot in diameter, of an intense bluish light, and falling with a hissing sound until the explosion. Both were temporarily blinded by the intense light of the explosion, and for twenty-four hours afterward suffered from severe pain in the eyeballs.

THE NEWS.

Lord Lytton has been appointed Viceroy of India.

A Centennial regatta is to be held on the Schuylkill. Circulars have been forwarded to all the amateur boat-club, and foreign clubs have been invited to participate.

The Harvard University Boat Club has decided to remain in the Rowing Association until after the regatta of 1876. She promises to contribute her best efforts to the next regatta, after which, her connection with the Association will cease.

Mr. Moody declines to dedicate the new edifice building for him at Chicago, until it is paid for, and advises that the work go on as slowly as the funds on hand warrant, and that unless a sufficient amount be furnished, that the building be shut up until money enough on hand warrants its completion.

The success attained in conveying fresh meat from this country to London is quite cheering to our American farmers. London is also benefited, as the high price of meat heretofore, has been a cause of great complaint. We are rapidly supplanting all other foreign competitors too, in the sale of wheat in Great Britain.

The appointment of Jovellar to be Captain-General of Cuba is received as a good sign. Spain admits that the position assumed by the United States is a just one, and promises to fix an early date, before which the reforms asked for shall be carried into effect in good faith. The Government has issued a decree convoking the Cortes, and ordering the elections under universal suffrage. The ministry promise religious toleration, freedom of the press, a parliamentary monarchy, and a vigorous maintenance of order in Cuba and the West Indies.

The Hippodrome, lately Gilmore's Garden, is fitting up for the reception of Moody and Sankey. The building is to be partitioned off into three apartments. A hall for the accommodation of seven or eight thousand persons—a hall for seating four thousand persons—the intervening space to be devoted to offices and retiring rooms. There are to be also, rooms for religious conversations, and for business meetings.

It is understood that Moody and Sankey will commence their revival labors in New-York about Feb. 1. In preparation for their coming a meeting was held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, of which Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr. is rector. The special object of this meeting is to prepare the churches of all denominations for effective coöperation with the revival movement, by a series of meetings and sermons that will tend to a general religious awakening.

The Guicowar, or King of Baroda, India, has lately been deposed, and in his place, the Indian authorities have taken a peasant boy from a farm and made him the new Guicowar. The boy was found to be the nearest relative of the previous king. Though suddenly raised from a village life of a very humble kind, and transferred to an Indian Court of splendid palaces, with riches and honors pouring in upon him from every side, he assumed all this royalty as if he had been brought up to it. When the Prince of Wales approached the city, sixteen elephants awaited his arrival, bearing howdahs, in one of which he was soon placed with the young Guicowar. The young King treated the Prince with great condescension, and his processions of elephants, his palaces, his exhibitions of beast fights, etc., gave the Prince the most genuine idea of Oriental life he had yet had.

A serious balloon accident occurred in Vincennes, France. A large balloon, the *Univers*, under the direction of M. Eugene Godard, who was accompanied by seven others, ascended about eleven o'clock. The object was to make some observations respecting military ballooning in the time of war. After attaining the height of 230 metres, the

upper part of the valve burst, and the balloon descended to the ground with frightful rapidity. At twenty-five minutes to twelve the *Univers* fell on the marshy ground with such force that the car entered nearly a foot into the ground. Two of the gentlemen had their legs broken, one had one of his feet dislocated, and another, his knee. The rest escaped with a severe shaking.

The Cuban insurgents have gained an important victory over the Spanish troops at Fort Fernandina de Jagua. The insurgents captured the fort and three adjoining villages, thus cutting off from succor the city of Cienfuegos, the capital of the department of the Center, situated on the south side of the island of Cuba, at the head of the bay of Jagua, 100 miles from Havana. This city has 25,000 inhabitants. The fort commands the entrance to the bay of Jagua, and is a place of some strength.

The store-ship *Supply*, a picture of which is given in the *Graphic*, is to sail for the Mediterranean as soon as possible. She is to visit Civita Vecchia, for the purpose of receiving works of art for the Centennial Exposition from Rome, and Leghorn for American exhibitors in France. She goes to Tangiers, Tripoli and Tunis for contributions from the Barbary coast.

A confidential clerk, named C. R. Beckwith, in the employ of Benj. T. Babbitt, soap manufacturer, has been arrested on the charge of embezzling \$300,000 from his employer. Beckwith denies the charge, and alleges that it is an advertising dodge.

Mr. Atwater, the United States Consul to Tahiti, has lately married the greatest heiress in that kingdom, the owner of the four principal islands, known as the Four Kingdoms, valuable for their pearl fisheries.

Mr. Bowen, of the *Independent* has discontinued his libel suits against the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Archduke Rudolphe, Prince Imperial of Austria, will be crowned King of Hungary in July.

The Prince of Wales has arrived at Benares in his travels in India.

The Governor of the State has issued his annual message.

If Spain can not restore peace, is it the duty of so near a neighbor as the United States to let a magnificent island be ruined merely out of superstitious respect for a phantom sovereignty? The duty of non-intervention between a State and its rebellious subjects, presupposes that State to possess a sufficient force of police. But when it has no such force, and is in the condition of Turkey at the present time, intervention may become a duty. Every thing depends on the local circumstances. Now, if Spain can not suppress the rebels; if the island must be half ruined so long as she holds it; if she will not put an end to the institution which is a main source of the disturbance, it would be hard to expect the United States to let the work of devastation proceed unchecked merely out of regard for the nominal sovereignty of Spain. Were Cuba as near to Cornwall as it is to Florida, we should certainly look more sharply to matters of fact than to the niceties of international law. But every thing, we repeat, depends on those matters of fact. If Spain can suppress the insurrection and prevent Cuba from becoming a permanent source of mischief to neighboring countries, she has the fullest right to keep it. But she is on her trial, and that trial can not be long. When she is made to clearly understand that the tenure of her rule over Cuba depends on her ability to make that rule a reality, she will not be slow to show what she can do, and the limits of her power will be the limits of her right.

—London Times.

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